

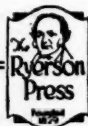
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MR. KING'S LIBERALISM

THE Premier should be a happy man these days, for he seems to be winning golden opinions in quarters where previously he has been neglected or decried. The *Montreal Star*, that sybil of the East whose whispers presaged woe to Canada not so long since, has had another vision, and now hails Mr. King as the man of destiny who yet may save his people; while in Toronto, the very keep of the Conservative stronghold, his recent speech was the occasion of a personal triumph which the *Star* of that city characterized as 'a triumph of Liberalism'. It was undoubtedly a triumph for the Liberal Party, whose long tenure of office on a majority of one was heavily stressed by its leader, and which is a remarkable political achievement; but we can hardly accept as a triumph of Liberalism the negation of its principles by its accepted leader. It is unnecessary to go further than the tariff question to test the sincerity of the Premier's faith. Liberalism in Canada is based on the belief that 'the principle of protection is radically unsound and unjust to the masses of the people'; yet the vaunted Liberal budget of the last session made no real attack on that principle, and now the Liberal leader announces that there will be no more changes in what he calls with bland effrontery 'a revenue tariff'.

A SINGLE hair divides the false and true', as our bibulous old friend Omar was wont to sing, and verily the hair which divides Canadian Liberalism from Toryism must be of sub-microscopic dimensions. Our astute Prime Minister has fully appreciated the significance of the recent British and American election results—a war-weary and peace-disillusioned Anglo-Saxon world crying aloud for tranquility, plus economy. For the time being anything faintly savouring of idealism is suspect, so into the discard with Ideals. If the English-speaking peoples have evinced a desire for stones as a national diet, why should any practical politician exasperate and annoy them by offering bread? Mr. King will play the part of Aaron to President Coolidge's Moses, and we shall be led to the promised land flowing with milk-and-water sentiment, and honeyed words. If we boil down the Massey Hall oration until all hyperbole and platitude have been evaporated, what palatable residue remains? Tariff stability, increased immigration, economy, and a few vague phrases about Toleration, Moderation, and National Unity: an essentially Tory programme.

WITH the publication of Mr. King's speech, the insurgent Tories of Montreal, as represented by Lord Atholstan *et al*, will be more than ever convinced that the Prime Minister is their man. In a two-hour harangue, he let slip no syllable that could offend the

delicate susceptibilities of the most thoroughbred stand-patter. Here is safety and sanity carried to a degree of sublimation that has rarely been equalled. It is doubtful if the High Priests of Liberalism themselves realize how far to the Right their party has drifted. More and more, the stage warfare between conservative Liberals and Liberal-Conservatives becomes the sorriest sort of sham-fight, wherein no question of principle is involved, and all interest is centred on personalities. An aggressive third party of the Left, if one existed in this country, might force a new alignment that is now overdue, by recruiting some of the more progressive elements from the two old parties, and thereby driving the latter into a defensive partnership. Then, the old historical lines between static complacency and impetuous insurgency re-established, the political struggle in Canada might assume an air of reality that has been lacking for many years.

WHAT could be more richly illustrative of the low plane upon which current political thought operates, than Mr. Mackenzie King's naïve and self-congratulatory announcement of representation in the Cabinet of every Province in the Dominion 'for the first time since Confederation'. Probably every cabinet that has been formed since the passing of the B.N.A. Act has suffered in quality through this particular form of 'provincialism'; the principle of the selection of Ministers on a basis of merit, or aptitude for a particular post, has been jettisoned time and again in deference to clamorous localism, but we are unable to recall any previous statesman having pointed with pride to an executive selected entirely by geographical qualifications. In spite of the widely accepted recognition of the odiousness of comparisons, we are unable to refrain from picturing the consternation of English public opinion had Ramsay MacDonald or Mr. Baldwin picked his associates in such an unsophisticated fashion. Now that the Dominions are 'coming out' and claiming an equality of status with the mother country, it is time that Canada discarded a few of the more obvious gaucheries of adolescence.

THE belief, long held by many of our precise economists, that the old adage, 'figures cannot lie', originated with Ananias, will receive confirmation on comparison of Mr. King's account of the National Debt with the budget figures given in the Government Blue Books. We suspect that political accounting is not so much an exact science as a creative work, and fiscal tables, with their delicate flights of fancy, should be given their due place in literature, about half way between epic poems and movie scenarios. Mr. King's boast that he has reduced the National

Debt was one of the most telling features of his address, but he was careful to avoid any reference to an additional fifty millions recently borrowed by the National Railways and guaranteed by the Government. This is a definite obligation assumed by the Canadian people, and had it been added to the National Debt according to prior custom, the Debt would have shown an increase of some millions instead of a reduction of thirty-six. We mention one other item which gives some insight into the methods adopted by our Federal Government in reducing expenditure. Certain grants formerly made to the Provincial Experimental Farms have been discontinued. The ultimate tax-payer is still obliged to find the necessary funds for these institutions, but as the account is now collected provincially instead of federally, Mr. King's finance minister is enabled to make a better showing.

IN view of the popular belief that Liberalism is supposed to stand for low tariffs, it is interesting to glance at the tables showing average *ad valorem* rates of duty collected on imports, given in the Canada Year Book for 1922-23. These are the latest figures available, and by comparing 1920 with 1923 we are able to perceive what slashing reductions were made from the time the Liberal Party came into power until the last session of the House.

AVERAGE AD VALOREM RATE OF DUTY ON

	Dutiable Imports	Total Imports	Dutiable Imports	Total Imports	Dutiable Imports	Total Imports
	United Kingdom		United States		All Countries	
1920	22.1	16.2	22.5	14.0	22.5	14.7
1923	24.5	20.1	22.5	13.8	24.9	16.7

It is clear that the Canadian consumer actually paid, on the average, in 1923 a two per cent. higher tariff on every dollar's worth of imported merchandise than he paid in 1920. At the last session of the House the Liberal Party announced reductions in the tariff on certain classes of goods used in the basic industries of this country. What effect these reductions will have on the average *ad valorem* rate on total imports can only be a matter for speculation until the report on Canada's foreign trade for 1924-25 is published. It is interesting to note that in spite of preferential tariffs we paid an average of 24.5 per cent. on dutiable imports from the United Kingdom, as compared with 22.5 per cent. on dutiable imports from the United States. Obviously the bulk of the merchandise shipped to us by the Mother Country is either beyond the pale of the preferential tariff, or bears such a high original rate that the preference fails to reduce it to the level of the tariff on the bulk of U.S. products.

THE COLOGNE BLUNDER

THE international good-will that was Mr. MacDonald's legacy to his successors is being rapidly dissipated by Mr. Baldwin and his co-heirs. Their declaration that the British evacuation of Cologne is to be postponed indefinitely is the latest indication that the Conservative Party learned nothing in adversity. The failure of Germany to fulfil her treaty obligations in the matter of disarmament is cited as justification for this unfriendly act, but the charge is unaccompanied by any adequate proof. It is probable that Germany has not observed the strict letter of the disarmament conditions of the Peace Treaty: it is extremely unlikely that any other nation would have observed them under similar circumstances. Some patriotic Germans have probably managed to secrete a limited number of rifles and machine-guns; they have perhaps succeeded, through voluntary athletic and patriotic associations, in training a greater number of men than the stipulations of the treaty permit; but there is no doubt that Germany has had to comply essentially with the intent of the treaty in so far as disarmament is concerned, for war-preparations involve the production of howitzers, air-craft, tanks, and all the ponderous paraphernalia of modern conflict on a scale that could not be concealed. Whatever may be the extent of Germany's default, it is at the door of France that the blame must be laid, since her policy of coercion in the Ruhr undoubtedly provoked it. Great Britain formally protested against that policy as being an infraction of the peace terms, and it was due to her efforts that some modification was achieved and the more friendly relations established which were ushered in by the London Agreement of last July. Germany's resentment of this change of attitude will be all the more embittered on that account.

THE real reason for Great Britain's return to the old policy of force obviously lies in the conviction of her Conservative Party that the Entente must be preserved at any cost. This latest concession to France will strengthen the reactionary elements whose ascendancy is already evidenced by M. Herriot's increasing impotence. That is bad enough; but it is humiliating that, in order to satisfy her intransigent ally, Great Britain should lay herself open to a charge of violating the provisions of the treaty which not long ago she censured that ally for ignoring. The British Government has temporarily avoided the possible reproaches of France, but it may be prepared for justified censure from other quarters. The immediate consequences of the blunder are already visible in the new German Cabinet, which a month ago we had good reason to expect would be of a moderate complexion,

but which is now dominated by reactionary parties. The ultimate effects of this retrograde step can only be guessed at, but we contemplate the prospect with misgiving.

MR. HUGHES' RESIGNATION

SECRETARY HUGHES' retirement from the Coolidge Cabinet has caused general regret throughout the English-speaking world. More important even than the Washington Conference was his consistent policy regarding Europe. Though his tendencies were undoubtedly liberal, he clearly saw that to ignore the Senate's capacity for obstruction, and the conservatism of the mass of the American people regarding foreign affairs, would be fatal. Under the Senate's suspicious scrutiny his attitude was as positive as possible. A share in the Dawes plan, advocacy of the World Court, and the delegation of American observers to various conferences and committee activities of the League of Nations, were the chief points in a practical and consistent, if not rashly courageous, policy. As such a policy will accomplish all that is possible at present, it is to be hoped that his successor will be compounded of the same elements of common sense and idealism as Mr. Hughes.

THE TWENTIETH AMENDMENT

STATE legislatures are now considering the proposed Twentieth Amendment to the American constitution. To one accustomed to British political practices, its proposal to allow Congress to legislate regarding the labour of persons under eighteen years of age appears harmless enough. Americans, however, have a very general distrust of elected representatives, and believe that their vagaries should be curbed by courts and written constitutions. The Supreme Court has twice annulled laws designed to strike at industries using child labour. All interested parties, including manufacturers' associations, declare their hearts are wrung by the sufferings of child labourers; but the opponents of the measure invoke the bogey of 'socialism' and protest against further centralization of power in Washington at the expense of the legitimate powers of the states. Such arguments may be merely a 'smoke screen' in this case, but undoubtedly the proposal has a rocky road ahead of it.

REFORM IN 'MODERNS'

THE investigation of modern language studies in Canada which the Carnegie Corporation of New York is financing should draw public attention to a branch of education which is sorely in need of reform. Modern languages are as recent an addition to educational curricula as the natural sciences. But

as they are languages and not sciences, they have always been treated administratively like the older humanities. That is to say, they are not expected to cost more money than will pay salaries and buy books. The sciences, on the other hand, demand more outlay; there had to be special buildings and special equipment. The result is that, while the teacher of chemistry has a laboratory which he is not expected to support out of his own pocket, and which gives him the freedom of his own subject, the modern language teacher struggles, year in and year out, with a subject the fountain-head of which is three thousand miles away. How many teachers of French in Canada have never seen France in their lives? Or have not seen it for ten or twenty years? And how can they be effective if they are cut off thus from the living subject? The only modern language reform in which we are at present interested is the subsidizing of the subject so as to send every teacher of modern languages periodically to Europe. Other reforms will be inadequate until this hardest reform is achieved. And we call it hard merely because it asks for money. In every other respect it is easy, and its importance is too obvious to be argued.

SIR FREDERICK GOULD

WITH the death of Sir Frederick Gould in his eighty-first year, one of the venerable landmarks of British journalism has been swept away. Described by Lord Rosebery once upon a time as the greatest asset of the Liberal Party, he probably did more with his barbed wit than ever Mr. Asquith accomplished with Demosthenean periods to discredit the cause of Tariff Reform. Yet he was nothing but a political cartoonist, with an unsuspected taste for painting and poetry. Childishly silly, nine times out of ten, alike in Britain and in Canada, political cartoons can be made a magnificent medium of public education. On the continent of Europe, both in France and Germany, they have a great and continuous tradition, not to be neglected by the historian of art. Here and in the Mother Country, this is not so; but for more than a generation, scores of thousands of readers paused daily to relish the pungent humour and savour the tolerant wisdom of 'F. C. G.' Henceforth he will contribute no more to the 'Sea-Green Incorruptible'—which has itself changed colour. Nor will he climb any more the steep slopes of Exmoor, nor watch the staghounds in the Combes. There is none in the present generation who will fill his place.

ON PARLIAMENT HILL

BY A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

TO my mind Federal politics have entered upon a new phase. Like every other political change, the movement has apparently been proceeding underground among

the electorate for many months. West Hastings was a manifestation of it. Since then, leaders in politics, in business, and in finance have been revising their opinions and sinking trial shafts into the body politic at various points in order to make certain how far the new movement had spread. The result can be read in the political events of the past few weeks. It is clear that the Conservative Party is in greater difficulties—difficulties from which it appears almost impossible for the Party to be extricated—than ever before. It is clear also that, for the present at least, protection has ceased to be a dominating election cry, even in Ontario.

For the first time since 1921, the Progressive Party has ceased to be the object of Mr. King's matrimonial desires. He may still use words of passion, like a fickle lover, when the occasion warrants, but his heart will not be in it. On the contrary he can be relied upon to permit the Westerners to stew in their own juice for a season while he vigorously applies himself to the far more attractive prospects in the East. And these prospects are sufficiently alluring to tempt any politician. The Tories in Ontario are at a low ebb. The captains of industry and finance, in the knowledge that the shrunken Tory Party will be unable adequately to defend the trenches of privilege and protection in the future parliament, are looking for the party which can render such a service. They are accustomed to pay handsomely for services rendered, and, if Mr. King will say the word, there is no doubt that the Liberals will not lack for campaign funds. This means the definite abandonment by big industry of the Tory Party. Mr. King, no doubt under the influence of the protectionist element in his cabinet, is flirting with his erstwhile enemies, and his announcement at Toronto, and again at Quebec, that there would be no tariff changes of consequence this session is of the greatest importance. It indicates that the Liberal Party is seriously considering, if it has not already decided to accept, the task of perpetuating protection in Canada. The Liberals have been encouraged in this, partly by the favourable attitude in Montreal, partly by the knowledge that they cannot hold together the solid 65 much longer without adopting protection to the extent at least of the Laurier-Fielding tariff. Another important factor is the disaster which has overtaken the Tory Party in Ontario. It seems to be clear now that the first object of Liberal strategy is no longer the winning of the West by fusion with the Progressives, but rather the permanent crippling of the Conservative Party in the East.

This may well mark a parting of the ways in Canadian politics. If the Liberal Government makes its peace with the interests in St. James street, and, by adopting a fairly strong protectionist policy, is enabled to rally most of the tariff support formerly held by the Tories, the next general election may see the official Opposition reduced to a rump. Inevitably this would give rise in the fullness of time to a new low-tariff party. It is not possible however, that the present Progressive Party, which lacks leadership, cohesion, and, in nearly every respect, national outlook, could play this rôle. It would take years for such a party to develop. Meantime the Liberals would be ensured of a long term in office, a fact never without weight in political counsels.

RAISINS AND MR. ROBB

THE Australo-Canadian Commercial Treaty assumes a new aspect in the light of the fuller information about its exact terms which is now available. By Mr. Robb, Mr. Low, and other mouth-pieces of the Government, it was proclaimed to the public as a happy blend of high Imperial statesmanship and beneficent tariff reform; it would please the free trader by its reduction of duties on certain commodities, it would earn the gratitude of manufacturers by opening wider to them the portals of the Australian market, and it would rejoice the Imperialists as a fresh layer of cement for the Empire. It was noticeable, however, that the oracles at Ottawa, while they made great play of the concessions yielded by Australia, were much less communicative about the exact changes involved in our own tariff, and now that the veil has been lifted (not by the King Government but by the Australians) the motives for this reticence are clear. It contains a dose of fresh protectionism calculated to bring within the circle of its eulogists some of those who have been agitating for an increase in the duties on agricultural products as a necessary step towards the solution of our economic troubles. The following table will illustrate some of the changes to which the Government has committed itself:

	Present General Tariff	New General Tariff	Present Brit. Prefer. Rate	New Brit. Prefer. Rate
Fresh Meat	3c per lb.	4c per lb.	2c per lb.	1c per lb.
Eggs	3c " doz.	4c " doz.	2c " doz.	1c " doz.
Cheese	3c " lb.	4c " lb.	2c " lb.	1c " lb.
Butter	4c " lb.	5c " lb.	3c " lb.	2c " lb.

It will be noted that in the case of these four basic food products there is a cut in the British preferential rates which are now to be accorded the Australians, and an increase in the general tariff rates. But distance rules out the possibility of Australia being able to increase her now negligible exports of these commodities to Canada, and the only result of these particular changes will be to penalize further American imports and afford so much extra protection to the Canadian producer, with the inevitable result of an enhancement in prices for the consumer. Some feeble brethren among the Ontario Progressives have shown a certain partiality for the idea of extending protection to agriculture; but the party stands committed by its official programme and the professions of its leaders to the wholesale repudiation of the protectionist principle. The submission of the treaty to Parliament will, therefore, be an acid test for Mr. Forke and his followers.

If they cherish any doubt about the merits of the changes outlined above, they should devote special attention to the alterations affecting the fate of those humble ingredients of Christmas fare, the raisin and

the currant. The raisin and currant market of the whole British Empire has for some years been a Naboth's vineyard to the Australians, and in order to be in a position to gratify their desires, the King Government secured authority two sessions ago for a change in the schedules relating to raisins and currants. Heretofore all raisins and currants, regardless of origin, paid a duty of two-thirds of a cent a pound: henceforth, as a result of the change, which is now embodied in the treaty, if they can show an Australian pedigree they enter duty free, but if they are of baser alien origin they must pay a duty of three cents a pound, the duty being more than quadrupled.

Compared with raisins, our imports of currants are comparatively small, being about one-sixth as much in 1923-4, and eighty-six per cent. of them come from Greece. Labour is much cheaper in Greece than in Australia, but it is just possible that with the aid of the preference Australian currants may be able to supplant their Greek rivals in the Canadian market. However, the position in regard to raisins, which now rank as a very valuable and popular kind of food in Canada, is quite different.

Our raisin consumption is very high. In the fiscal year 1923-4 we imported no less than 38,792,039 pounds of raisins, of which the United States (meaning chiefly California) supplied 35,690,194 pounds, Turkey 1,149,741 pounds, Spain 1,444,692 pounds, and Australia the modest contribution of 29,500 pounds. But the idea of our statesmen and their Australian friends is that, with the help of the new preference, the Australian raisin will speedily oust its competitors from our markets. It may conquer the Spaniard and the Turk, but it will face a formidable foe in the Californian.

The Australian raisin starts in the race with an immense transportation handicap. Before it gets as near the chief markets of Canada as the Californian raisin is at the point of production, it must carry railway freight to an Australian port, ocean freight across the Pacific, and loading costs at each end of the voyage; and under normal conditions three cents per pound will not cover these charges. But even if they could be kept within this limit, another kind of handicap confronts it.

The great demand for raisins in northern countries is in winter when fresh fruit is scarce and dear, and the Californian raisin, harvested in September and October, is available just when the demand is most active. But our winter is Australia's summer period of growth, and the Australian raisins are not ready for the market till March, when housewives are tired of plum-puddings and mince-pies and are turning their thoughts to rhubarb, strawberries, and fresh domestic fruits. Most of the Australian crop will have to retire

into storage till the following autumn, and when it emerges the flavour left by a dip in oil which is given for preservation purposes may prove as unpalatable to a large proportion of gourmets in Canada as it has done elsewhere. Even if the Australian price could be made right, our grocers will have to expend a wealth of eloquence before they can persuade the average Canadian housewife to forsake the Californian Sun-maid raisins for the brands at present offered by the Australians. By common consent, seeded raisins (raisins with their seeds removed) make the best raisin pies, and many cooks will use no other kind. Now the Raisin Growers' Association of California seeds a large proportion of its raisins before packing, but so far Australia has placed no seeded raisins on the market. Under these circumstances, while the Australians may be able to increase their sale of raisins in British Columbia, they have little chance of ousting the California raisin growers (who are organized in a co-operative association and have brought the processes of packing and marketing to a high pitch of efficiency) from the main Canadian market lying east of the Rockies. The net result of the treaty, which is the pet child of the Hon. James Robb, may well be that Canadian housewives will pay between three and four cents more per pound for their raisins, because to the extra two and a third cents duty must be added the extra quota of profit, which will certainly be exacted

by the wholesalers and retailers. In all human probability, Californian raisins will still hold their place in our puddings and pies; but since the Australians, even if they captured the whole Canadian market, would take in their prices advantage of the preference to the limit, the aggregate cost of living is likely to be increased at least a million dollars. Mr. Robb in his inmost heart doubtless hopes that the Californian raisins will prevail in the struggle: for the extra three quarter millions of duty accruing from them would be a welcome windfall for his declining revenues; but, whatever be the outcome, the United States does not stand to lose. The chief beneficiaries of the treaty will be certain American millionaires who own motor plants in Ontario and pulp and paper mills in B.C. and will by the pact get for their products more favourable terms of access to the Australian market. When, however, the Canadian housewife discovers that the difficulties of her budget have been aggravated in order to augment the dividends and hoards of Mr. Henry Ford and the Dupont family, she will probably begin to cherish bitter sentiments towards Australia, her raisins and preferential tariffs, and particularly towards the Hon. James Robb, who will be the most accessible target for her wrath. But meanwhile our bosoms should be swelling with a new-born enthusiasm for our Australian brethren, for whose sake we shall all be eating fewer or worse raisin pies.

POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS IN FRANCE

BY T. A. STONE

LAST May the French people placed the Radical Socialist party in power with a very substantial working majority. The new Government declared its intention to strive for the settlement of European problems, to reduce the cost of living, to balance the budget, and to increase the value of the franc. It professed a thoroughgoing opposition to communism and took its stand for internal as well as external peace. Promises of shorter hours, more pay, and better working conditions also contributed to the socialist success. It now seems appropriate to examine how far the Herriot Government has been able to carry out some of the intentions with which it took office.

Under the heading, '*Sans Commentaires*', *L'Opinion* recently published the following comparisons:

	May 9, 1924 Francs	Nov. 19, 1924 Francs
Price of bread (per kilo)	1.20	1.40*
One hundred dollars.....	1552.00	1911.00
One pound sterling	69.35	88.15
One hundred lire	70.90	82.30
One hundred Swiss francs	280.25	367.00

	May 9, 1924 Francs	Nov. 19, 1924 Francs
'Rentes françaises': 3 per cents.	53.60	49.60
1915 5 "	68.90	60.50
1917 4 "	57.15	50.05
1918 4 "	56.55	49.75
1920 5 "	83.90	71.10
6 "	85.55	74.50

*Since November 19th the price of bread has risen to 1.55. I shall not extend this table, but most other food-stuffs have risen in the same proportion.

Not long ago, M. Compère-Morals, speaking in the Chamber of Deputies to his fellow-members on the Left, said, 'If you do not succeed in solving this problem of the high cost of living, you will become just as unpopular—and as deservedly so—as the *Bloc National*'.

In the November issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM I outlined the steps being taken by the Government against the high cost of living. Notwithstanding the very apparent failure of this policy of blundering interference, it has not been changed. The duty imposed upon exotic wheat remains, and so does the attempt to regulate the importation of meat, both

frozen and alive, though it has been a complete failure. The ill-advised scheme of prohibiting the exportation of fish, which cut off the English market and flooded the domestic market at a non-remunerative price, has not been repealed at the time of writing.

But while the present Government has been pertinaciously (though, as we have seen, unsuccessfully) attempting by direct measures to reduce the cost of living, its administration of the state railroads and the regulations imposed on other railroads have tended more effectually to enhance it. High transportation costs are an important factor in the cost of living. The introduction of a universal eight-hour day on the French railroads will either entirely prevent or long delay a reduction in rates; in fact, many of the private companies threaten a further increase. This would counteract any success which the Government might have in its efforts to reduce prices.

Hand in hand with the high cost of living marches the great question of the franc. 'To raise the value of the franc toward normal', says one journal, 'we must increase our national production'; another says, 'We must decrease our national consumption, and so establish a more favourable balance of trade by exporting more and importing less'; says a third, 'We must balance our budget'. These are all words of wisdom; but how are they to be carried out?

How, first, can production be increased? Surely not by the promiscuous and unstudied introduction of the eight-hour day. This will not only increase the cost of production (and enterprises have had no time to adjust their activities to such a new condition), but it will also create a demand for more labourers, and thus increase the seriousness of the much-deplored exodus from the countryside. Attempts to increase production by tariff protection have had no success. The duty on wheat, mentioned above, resembles the old corn laws, both in its application and its result. Most of the constructive suggestions which have been offered are based upon further development in the colonies and a relaxation of the eight-hour-day laws.

It is a popular doctrine that France must be made self-supporting again. At present, she does not even feed herself. The following figures are interesting and significant:

	Imports, 1913		Imports, 1923	
	Quantity in kilos	Value in francs (000 omitted)	Quantity in kilos	Value in francs (000 omitted)
Fresh and frozen meats	31,888	5,372	868,866	290,744
Fresh and preserved vegetables	372,837	13,964	753,634	74,134
Coffee	1,152,849	207,514	1,721,744	831,301
Fruits	2,658,940	87,770	3,149,417	353,193
Spirits	375,941	20,929	500,107	188,691
Grains and Flours	29,297,205	565,790	23,414,565	1,654,693
Wool and Woollens	2,855,697	701,747	2,691,525	2,489,369
Cotton	3,291,358	577,194	2,615,204	2,880,680
Wood (all kinds)	21,981,390	235,991	12,365,450	867,326

The outstanding fact shown by this table is that the increase in the *amount* of imports has been in the class of semi-luxuries. (Meat, of course, is hardly a semi-luxury; this increase is explained by the great diminution of the French flocks and herds during the war.) In the case of absolute essentials (the last four items), the *amount* imported is less, but the expenditure has increased because of the lower value of the franc and the increase in foreign prices. Press and economists alike agree as to the moral to be drawn. Colonial development will lead to the production of nearly all these commodities. Thus the purchase of luxuries abroad may be diminished, while the market will be supplied with domestic goods at a lower price. The favourable trade balance thus created may be partly retained and partly diverted to pay for further imports of grain and flour. (But the domestic producers will have something unpleasant to say about any policy of increasing imports.)

What of the budget? Herriot is going to have it balanced; but will his own party sanction the increased taxes which will be necessary? The actual financial condition is a little more stable than it was a few months ago. The last American loan, which will be used to repay the Bank of France, was a stroke of good business. But the domestic loan, which will be used to liquidate part of the immense floating debt, is not being so successful. The common people in France have never been generally in the habit of investing in government securities; but this will not explain fully their doubtful attitude with respect to this loan. A certain lack of confidence in the Government is also a contributing factor.

Like Mr. MacDonald, Premier Herriot is having difficulty with those who demand more unmistakable proof of his opposition to communism. Most of the French newspapers seem convinced that the Soviet Government is to be feared. England's attitude with respect to Russia, the Spanish crisis, the Jaurès demonstration, the power of the French communist press, and lately the attempted *coup d'état*, or rather revolution, in Esthonia—all have contributed to increase the fear of communism. But the Government is proceeding with unabated zeal towards the full re-establishment of diplomatic relations with Russia.

I have mentioned the Jaurès affair because it is more significant than the cabled accounts have indicated. Jaurès, as everybody knows, was a deputy who was assassinated on the eve of the war. The Communists claim him as one of their greatest comrades and the founder of *L'Humanité*, their official organ. The Socialists claim him as their outstanding representative, and the intellectuals claim him as one of the greatest thinkers of his day. Some time ago his body was transferred to the crypt of the Panthéon. A great

demonstration was organized by the Socialist Government, at a cost of some 500,000 francs, but in this demonstration the Communists managed to usurp the most conspicuous part. The red flags far outnumbered the tricolor, while the enthusiastic singing of the 'Internationale' made almost entirely inaudible the feeble strains of the 'Marseillaise'.

The various press accounts of this demonstration I shall always remember as the most entertaining bits of journalism that I have ever seen. The conservatives were critical; the praise of the Socialists seemed to be of rather doubtful sincerity; and the gloatings of the Communists over defeating the Government on home fields, as it were, provided a triple contrast which was very amusing. Poor Jaurès, the *raison d'être* of it all, was almost completely ignored. But his

spirit, looking down (as we hope) from that better world from which the absolute futility of human struggles is said to be clearly visible, must have been highly entertained.

On the basis of this rather indefinite discussion, it seems most likely that the drift of opinion in France will be towards the Right. France will follow England's lead, at least in the political arena. Herriot, like MacDonald, seems at present to show an increasing deference to the demands of the extremists of his party. MacDonald finally had to choose between holding his party together and what he believed to be for the good of his country. Herriot will face the same dilemma, probably, when the Chamber votes on the budget. Which road will he take?

PARIS.

AN DAIL EIREANN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT AT WORK BY H. MUNRO THOMAS

FOR a country the size of a larger Canadian province, the Irish Free State causes its fair amount of trouble in the Commonwealth, but it cannot be accused of undue pretensions in the physical appearance or mental equipment of its legislature. The Dáil Eireann, the Lower House of the Parliament (Oireachtas), is, as with us, the effective part of the legislature, and is as dull a body as ever presided over a nation of orators and idealists.

Ireland does not obviously suggest its tradition of being a nation of saints and scholars, but the present executive of the Saorstát (Free State) contrives to retain in its membership a notable scholar, who has the merit of having been a leader in both the cultural and political national movements for two decades without losing either office or his life. It was by the 'open Sesame' of his name that the writer passed the scrutiny of the police and sentries, both outside and within the spacious ways of Leinster House, and found his way up the long and crooked way which (as in St. Stephen's) leads to the observation post over the legislature. Here the spectator may look down between the brass rails, but if he crane his head through them he will be lightly tapped and warned by the attendant, who adopts to the people under his supervision the paternal attitude which seems to be developing in Irish officialdom.

In the centre of the theatre below is a large business desk, with a few books of reference and some typewritten manuscript—green of course. There is a smaller table for the Clerk of the House and his assistant, and longer tables for the stenographers.

Around the front and sides of this stage is a railing, from which rise in semi-circular tiers the shabby red plush theatre seats of the members, extending back out of sight of the gallery. Behind the stage, and forming a diameter for the arc of the railing, is a deep narrow passage-way, separating the House proper from the elevated Press Gallery behind under the clock. This trench-like lane is a unique feature of a very un-British-looking House of Commons.

Gradually members stroll in, also clerks and reporters to the central stage, and one or two members of the Government sitting on the spectators' right behind a long desk improvised on the top of the railing. Then, from further to the right, down a gangway in the theatre seats, appears a dark, genial figure, with short, crisp, dark hair, and deep intelligent eyes. The House rises and the gallery follows suit with a little diffidence. This is Mr. Hayes, the Ceann Comháirle (Speaker). There is no mace, no gown, no wig. This modest and business-like professor takes his seat behind the large table, and the Dáil is in session.

There are not half a dozen grey heads in the House. At the last front seat of the Government benches (on the Ceann Comháirle's left) sits a pale, worried-looking man, in the early forties, with a light moustache and fair hair piling up on one side of his head. He rises to speak, and the cultured, commanding (although slightly nasal) voice, with a touch of brogue that enhances its firmness, reflects a confidence and authority that neither his appearance, nor a knowledge of the political situation, would have suggested.

It is President Cosgrave. By him sits Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, nephew of the Governor-General and alleged to be the self-appointed heir of Mr. Cosgrave. Some have even said that one reason why the President defers his well-known desire to retire is—. But we must pass on. Mr. O'Higgins' colleague in the Boundary interview with Mr. Thomas was Mr. MacGilligan, the sardonic, sallow, glossy-haired young man, occasionally sidling over to the President. He has been Minister of Commerce only since the disruption in the spring, and is shortly to take over from the President the Department of Defence. Another notable member of the executive is in the seat behind—a tall, fair, lithe figure, with short curly hair, who looks like a young Oxford don, probably the most prepossessing member of the whole executive. This is as it should be, for he is Desmond Fitzgerald, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and hence the normal intermediary between Ireland and the outside world. He speaks with very little Irish accent, and somewhat nervously.

The ordinary members are scattered throughout the theatre, which is much too large for them. Over a third of the membership is permanently absent—some debarred by the royal oath, some by their refusal to accept a disrupted Ireland. There is no salute for the Ceann Comháirle, and members stroll in and out without any formality. They are clustered a little more closely behind the Government than elsewhere. It is an easily controlled Assembly, the Ceann Comháirle ruling by his native good-humour and well-known firmness, which only needs to be vocal against certain more garrulous spokesmen of the centre Left. Even the feminine portion of the Dáil is not *prima facie* striking. It seems to lack the immediate feminine charm and vigour of the senior lady member at Westminster, whose neat and pleasing precedent in ladies' parliamentary dress has not crossed the Irish Channel.

There are few interesting personalities outside the Government. Towards the centre of the House, at an aisle seat generally, sits the busy, and effectively critical, burly Major Bryan Cooper. Behind him is Mr. Joseph MacGrath's small group of 'Constitutional Republicans', malcontents from the ranks of the *Cumann nan Gaedheal* (the Government Party). With them, however, is one of the most vigorous personalities Sinn Féin has produced, Deputy, otherwise 'General', Mulcahy of rebel days, nationally known as Dick. Tall, fair, slender, with a remarkably narrow face, his cold eyes and forceful mouth symbolic of the character which transferred him from a clerk into a formidable and ruthless fighter, his voice a little thin for oratory, Richard Mulcahy commands attention for what he says. He was Collins' right hand man in

suppressing the republican rising two summers ago, and he is now in opposition himself.

Leftward the House becomes thinner in numbers, but burlier in appearance, for the farmers, quiet and stolid, sit there. Much of the Dáil membership seems not only rural but rustic. On the extreme left is the official Opposition, the Labour Party, and they have an interesting leader. Deputy T. Johnston is almost a handsome figure, with grey wavy hair, intelligent, sensitive mouth, and an excellent speaking voice. There seems nothing incongruous when the President refers lightly to the day when Deputy Johnston sits where Mr. Cosgrave now is. But between the President, the Ceann Comháirle, and the Leader of the Opposition, who sit almost in a straight line by reason of the arrangement of the seats, one suspects an underground understanding. Mr. Johnston has to find grounds of opposition—the real Opposition is the *Cumann Sinn Féin* (the Republican Party) outside. Thus the legislature of the 'distressful country' remains genial when it is not merely dull.

When a division is challenged, the bells ring, and there is the usual parliamentary relaxation. Then, possibly with the very Hibernian Deputy-Speaker in the Chair, the motion is read in Irish and then in English. (The debates are carried on almost exclusively in the 'foreign' language, which is native to every member of the Government.) Members are instructed to answer *Ha* or *Ni* to their names, and a typically youthful-looking Clerk steps to the side of the Chair and calls the roll of the House in alphabetical order. Some names are in Irish, some in English. The President answers to Liam T. MacCosgair, but Capt. Redmond sticks to the baptismal William. The Leader of the Opposition replies to MacSeághan, but Sir James Craig answers not at all.

There is no great oratory in this successor to Grattan's parliament. Where Grattan spoke is now a business room in the Bank of Ireland, and the Dáil is equally business-like. It has its moments of highfalutin aberration—three days' debate on the royal title in the Treaty of Lausanne! There is also an air of unreality about the Boundary debates. No Irishman wishes, and few expect, the boundary, wherever it is laid, to last. But it can only be hoped by both Irishmen and Unionists that the Dáil Eireann may continue its genial and practical habits, and over-ride opposition and passion, which have not been altogether unprovoked. Even if the Republicans should capture the Dáil and use it, its dull atmosphere may temper republican fervour. There is a greater danger than republicanism—the danger that the Dáil may drift into impotence by sheer lack of intellectual vigor against an external apathy.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

THE outbreak of an epidemic calls in the first place for the discovery by medical science of the causative agents at work. It may on this analogy be expected that psychology should at least attempt some explanation of what may be regarded as the epidemic obsession of the cross-word puzzle.

There is obviously no superficial explanation for the popularity of the cross-word puzzle. It cannot be regarded as a winter sport, as there are no records of a seasonal incidence; nor can it be looked upon as a 'winter fashion', as it is equally popular with the two sexes; nor can it be attributed to a conspiracy of dictionary vendors, or to the sensing of a public want by the press, as such foresight can hardly be expected from either of these sources. It must be regarded as an unforeseen phenomenon still awaiting elucidation.

In the first place it is necessary to isolate in some degree the main problem. The cross-word problem must be differentiated from the mathematical problem, which cannot be regarded as popular, the difference resting on the fact that the mathematical problem is solved by a logical process, the cross-word by a purely empirical one. The empirical, or trial and error process is a primitive form of thinking. It is by this kind of experimentation that the child learns to accommodate himself to the outside world.

In common with certain other types of recreation, the cross-word puzzle has a subdued competitive element and a much stronger mob appeal. The psychological factors at work in the spread of certain fashions undoubtedly account to some extent for the vogue of the cross-word puzzle. These common characters are, however, not peculiar to the cross-word puzzle, and without further analysis do not furnish an adequate explanation of its specific nature. They are worthy of mention here in that they help to throw light on the type of mind attracted by this form of entertainment.

The utilitarian argument—a very interesting aspect, as will appear later—that it increases one's vocabulary and gives one information on sundry subjects is obviously suspicious, as a vocabulary could be obtained much more quickly by direct application to a dictionary, and information in a more concentrated form from other sources.

The psychological problem in the cross-word puzzle becomes defined in a more positive manner if we consider its close similarity to the alphabetic or picture blocks used by children to make words or build castles, the cross-word puzzle being merely a graphic representation of the wooden blocks.

Along the lines of Prof. C. G. Jung's monumental

work, *Psychological Types, or The Psychology of Individuation* (Kegan Paul; London), some insight may be gained into the psychological factors involved in our problem. Jung distinguishes two main attitudes to life, extraversion and introversion, between which the main difference lies in the relation of the individual to the outside world. In the case of the *extravert* the object is the determining factor of his consciousness: his interest lies in objective happenings, especially those of his immediate environment: he is on the whole satisfied with things as they are, accepting social values without question. The *introvert*, on the other hand, is governed by subjective factors; he tries to transcend experience by abstract reasoning, concentrating on the inner world of thought rather than on the outer world of fact. He is not swayed by mob emotion and is the partisan of free will. Jung's classification recalls that of William James' 'tough minded' and 'tender minded' types.

Of course there are grades of extraversion and introversion. There is a hypothetical ideal mean when the two attitudes are balanced. An unchecked course of extraversion sooner or later encounters an opposing force in the unconscious which, according to Jung, is definitely compensatory: in the case of the extravert the unconscious attitude is introvert in character, in the case of the introvert it is extravert. The compensatory function of the unconscious, extravert or introvert, is of an archaic, primitive, or infantile character.

Now, it is obvious from the similarity of the cross-word puzzle to the child's letter blocks that it is primarily the unconscious which is expressing itself in the cross-word puzzle obsession. For one can hardly imagine an adult conscious mind occupying itself so enthusiastically with letter blocks. The full significance of the utilitarian reason for taking an interest in cross-word puzzles now becomes manifest, as it is merely a rationalization by the conscious of the action of the unconscious; in other words, the conscious mind would appear to have a sense of guilt and thus to seek an excuse for its action.

The mob appeal and the objective nature of the cross-word puzzle classify the enthusiast as an extravert, who, it must be observed, is the predominant type in modern society; and he might be more specifically defined as a feeling extravert, as his unconscious is occupying itself with a primitive form of thinking. This conclusion is supported by Jung's description of this psychological attitude.

The appeal of the cross-word puzzle is what might be expected from the extreme specialization of present-day activities. The economic tendency since the Industrial Revolution has been toward specialization

in almost every branch of human activity. Knowledge about our physical world has increased enormously, so that it is not now possible for one small head to carry up-to-date information about as many subjects as it was in the time of Goldsmith. And, despite man's new-found powers and greater mastery over nature, the economic pressure is even more intense than before the age of specialization; for man has found means to dispose of his heritage as quickly as it accumulates. This specialization of the modern industrial fabric has forced men's minds into narrow and unnatural channels. In the light of modern psychology it would appear that a balanced mental diet is as necessary as a balanced diet for the body. So that when an industrial era like the present compels the majority of people to be interested in objective things, it forces extraversion into too prominent a function of the mind. If extraversion is the natural attitude of the mind, the unconscious may easily be able to compensate, but when introversion is the characteristic conscious attitude the attempt of the unconscious to compensate may completely upset the orientation of the conscious mind. Jung cites the case of a printer, who, starting as an employee, built up a very extensive business which finally submerged all his outside interest. As a child this man had taken great delight in painting and drawing, and after about twenty years of business certain of these memories came back to him. His childish fantasies became so strong that he began to work them into his business with disastrous results. Jung's remark on this case of extreme extraversion is worth recording: 'He acted in obedience to one of our "civilized ideals" which enjoins the energetic man to concentrate everything upon the end in view. But he went too far and merely fell a victim to the power of his subjective infantile claims.' Are we thus to conclude that the popularity of the cross-word puzzle is a symptom of over-specialization in modern society?

STRAWS IN THE WIND

THE Labour Conference at Adelaide, South Australia, has requested the Premier of that State to confer with the other Labour Premiers with a view to exerting their influence against the introduction of more immigrants until all the unemployed in Australia have found work.—*The Labour Press Service.*

DEMOCRACY essentially consists of people realizing that their neighbors are no better and no worse than themselves, and that really the nations of the world are all brothers in humanity.—*Sir Henry Slessor, K.C.*



THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine, or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Correspondents must confine themselves to 400 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

THE FARMER'S PROBLEM

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

I have been very much interested in Mr. White's article on 'The Farmer's Problem'. I hope that others will write commenting on the article. I agree with Mr. White in his opening paragraph regarding the primary importance of rural life in the nation. The great pity is that there are not more ways of getting urban people informed about the problems facing the farmer. I agree with him also as regards the necessity for radical reorganization of farm business methods. I differ from him, however, in his proposed solution, viz., the Superfarm Idea. Mr. White overlooks the farmer's psychology entirely when he thinks any such reorganization is within the bounds of possibility. I believe that farmers must learn much from the organization of industry and apply it to their own business, but not along the line that Mr. White suggests. My objections to his proposals as outlined in the second part of his article are as follows:

- (1) It would never work because the farmer's whole outlook and nature are opposed to such a scheme.
- (2) Even if such a scheme could be worked—in its organization personal initiative would be stifled—the stimulus to growth, the satisfaction, happiness, and pleasure that come from owning and improving a little piece of land for oneself, would be gone. Industry for the sake of the so-called economies of specialized and mass production have ignored human life and crushed individuality, initiative, creative instincts, and made men, women, and children mere cogs in a great powerful economic machine to which, in too many cases, they are slaves. What if present farm methods are a little wasteful of economic values—human values are still preserved.

Now, I still believe radical reorganization is necessary, but such a reorganization as will preserve the human values inherent in the present methods and at the same time eliminate most, if not all, of the so-called economic wastefulness. As to the solution—I agree with him that parliamentary commissioners will always be incapable of shedding much light on the problem. The solution lies in the hands of 'bona fide' farmers themselves—tackling their own problems intelligently and solving them themselves. I submit that the solution cannot be outlined fully by anyone at present, but will come along the lines of co-operative methods, not corporation methods.

We have the light beginning to shine in through the

pooling of various commodities for marketing, e.g., wheat, eggs, turnips, cream. In this way you have virtually the superfarm idea of Mr. White, because all the turnip-growing counties may become one large turnip field with one sales outlet, and eliminate all waste in salesmanship, but at the same time preserve initiative and the human values that come from private ownership of land and crop.

I submit that under our present system we have in many districts co-operative ownership of certain implements, and those that have to be owned by individuals for seasonal, crop, and other reasons constitute really a small part of the investment of the farmer. Binders, seeders, sprayers, harrows, silo fillers, threshing machines, etc., are co-operatively owned and operated in many sections, and the spirit of friendliness, co-operation, and community spirit engendered as a result.

This co-operative principle is being applied, not only in economic lines, but in various other lines of community life, such as community halls, athletic grounds, playgrounds, recreation leagues, consolidated schools, county good roads associations, telephones, union churches, and many other lines.

The answer is co-operative organization, not corporation organization, and the farmer has still a lot of fun in working it out. There is no cut and dried scheme yet, but certain manifest principles have emerged.

Surely we have passed the stage when it is necessary to expose the fallacy of a Government Demonstration Farm. No reputable agriculturist or farmer stands behind such a proposal today. The farmer himself must work it out, and will never accept a Demonstration Farm as a demonstration.

Yours, etc.,

Georgetown.

A. MACLAREN.

MOBILIZING OUR PROGRESSIVES

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

Western Civilization has been so occupied with the enfranchisement of the masses and in creating modern democracy that the deeper implications of democratic principles have been largely overlooked. The admirable spirit of seeing that the underdog has his small bark in the general dog-fight for power has run past itself. And for this reason: the large majority of a nation is either stupid or ignorant, uneducated or ineducable. Our children are sent to school and receive scattered doses of mathematics, doubtful history, languages, and 'science'. No attention is paid to individual educability, and they go through the same mill, willy-nilly, to come out supposedly fit to become doctors, civil servants, carpenters, plumbers, typists, clerks, or business men according to circumstances. Very little training is given them in the deeper qualities of citizenship, economics, or of ethical values in modern society. When they receive the almighty power of the vote they have no idea what to do with it, and few of them care.

It is obvious to the comparatively small group of intellectuals that this civilization has created some very difficult problems urgently requiring solution, and this same minority is appalled at the dreadful mess that the average politician is making of things. The blame, however, hardly rests there; it goes deeper, to the people that give him his power—a terrible power for life or death. Bernard Shaw has pointed out how improbable it is that the unenlightened majority will recognize and elect a farseeing

genius for government to watch over their destinies: here it seems that we are within a vicious circle. How can we improve the politicians while the masses are ignorant and apathetic, or the masses while the politicians are corrupt and silly? Until recently, all great reforms were started, if not by a single enthusiastic mind, then by a small group of earnest believers and workers. To-day the problem is tougher, and we are nearing our last chance of solution. We are liable to be overwhelmed by a system grown too top-heavy to control.

There is a call for a progressive party, not only in Canada but throughout the world: it is the modern phase of the cry, 'When wilt Thou save the People'? This party must show a heroic way to salvation. It cannot have a popular programme if it is to succeed; the old party cries which may appeal to one or another section of the voters must go by the board. It must be essentially a party of the future, content to concentrate on the next generation and the succeeding race. It must direct its efforts chiefly to an all-embracing educational policy. It must aim at the training of children for citizens, not merely for business men and women. These children must be imbued with a lively sense of their individual responsibility and must realize the importance of natural laws, ethical and scientific, that govern the world they live in. A type of mind must be stimulated that will insist upon honest research into the heart of difficult problems, free from all partisanship.

An especially vigilant watch must be kept upon dysgenic legislation and the dissemination of the mentally deficient into the community. Modern civilized nations are, generally speaking, breeding from their worst stocks to the exclusion of their best. The control of high grade mental deficients is at present practically negligible, and we are faced with serious racial consequences which, continuing unchecked, will mean extinction.

Such, then, in rough outlines, and with little attention paid to the difficulties of detail involved, are the essentials of a real progressive party. Obviously such a programme cannot be popular: it can only be prosecuted at this time by a little group fired with the religious enthusiasm that inspires a martyr. If that group can be found, formed, and supported, it will carry the burden of the evolution of man a little further and a little higher. In the meantime we are slowly tottering to the fate that met the Dinosaurs and other unsuccessful evolutionary experiments.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto.

LESLIE H. CLARK.

THE CROW'S NEST

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

There has been a good deal of comment one way or another on the Railway Board's decision in the Crow's Nest Pass Rates case, and on the Cabinet's decision to reverse the Board's ruling and put the rates into force again. But little or no attention has been paid to the legal aspect of the case. I need not go into the merits of the case or its history. The Crow's Nest Pass Agreement has too long been a source of inter-provincial friction to need comment, and my object is not criticism on the merits. Suffice it, therefore, to say that from a legal aspect the Railway Board's decision is a well reasoned judgment. The case proper is still 'sub judice', as an appeal therein is pending to the Supreme Court of Canada. Under those circum-

stances we have, however, the spectacle of the Cabinet setting itself up as a sort of extraordinary Court of Appeal and reversing the decision of the Railway Board. This is 'ex post facto' legislation with a vengeance. Had the Cabinet waited till the session and passed an amendment to the Railway Act, actually putting the rates in force, one might have complained of the wisdom of resuscitating this old source of discrimination between East and West, but no complaint could have been registered as to the legality of the method. Parliament is beyond the reach of the Courts. The decisions of the people's representatives must be paramount. But here we have a small coterie of those representatives, afraid that on the law as it stands the decision of the Supreme Court of Canada, and of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to which the case will eventually go, will be unfavourable to the interests to which they desire to pander, setting themselves up as a court in lieu of the regularly created courts and reversing the decision of a body created a regular court of Canada by a preceding Liberal Government. Not only is this 'ex post facto' legislation, surely not to be lightly resorted to, but 'ex post facto' legislation by order-in-council, and the pages of 'Hansard' bear witness to the diatribes of the old guard Liberals against legislation by order-in-council during those perilous years when the urgency of the moment, if ever, justified the use of such doubtful constitutional merit.

Is a right of appeal to the Cabinet a remedy by order-in-council to be open to all litigants, or is it only the favoured few to whose knock the doors will open?

Yours, etc.

A LAWYER.

ROMANTIC NOSTALGIA

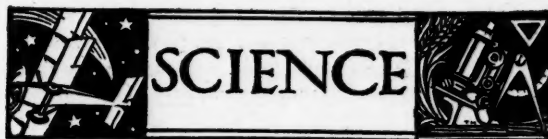
To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

May I express my thanks to my most amiable and learned friend, 'Jack Horner', for his suggested cure for romantic nostalgia? Instead of the 18th century, he recommends a flight to 'the broad horizons of Arizona and Texas where the eagle screams and the lone star blazes', and he does it with such 'inspirational' power that I already see possibilities of becoming a passable blonde brute and finding that new soul which is born only in the great open spaces. Besides, says he, this elixir, distilled in 'Pioneer' and 'Short Stories', costs but 25c a month, a fact not without importance for one who has absorbed enough of the Greek spirit to 'love beauty with cheapness'. There is, to be sure, no need of returning to the past when contemporary literature is so rich and varied. At the same time, while one grants that Grey-Curwood fiction is satisfactorily free from distressing cleverness, is it not, in spite of the stark Homeric virtues of its Western heroes, a little deficient, perhaps, in the finer moral and spiritual values, which are a necessity even to the irreclaimable Jack Horner? If, then, we—we literary valetudinarians—are to develop a fully rounded nature, such as would harmonize with the North American scene, and mark us out for leadership in the community, should we not include, for a balanced ration, the poetry of Edgar Guest, and the Essays of Dr. Frank Crane? As for the price, heart-throbs are less expensive than bullets; and with each set of Dr. Frank Crane's Essays that you buy you are—or used to be—given, free, a copy of Shakespeare.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge, Mass.

DOUGLAS BUSH.



THE FUTURE OF MANKIND

Daedalus, or Science and the Future, by J. B.

S. Haldane (Kegan Paul; pp. 93; 2/6);

Icarus, or the Future of Science, by Bertrand Russell (Kegan Paul; pp. 64; 2/6);

Tantalus, or the Future of Man, by F. C. S. Schiller (Kegan Paul; pp. 72; 2/6).

SINCE the idea of biological evolution took hold of men's minds, the question has been whither it is leading. By luck or cunning man has risen from very humble origins to the highest accomplishment of the Life Force up to date. But still he is only one of nature's creatures, and like all her other works he is on probation: he must go onwards or go under; there is no standing still.

Man's development may be considered from two points of view, the physical and the moral. The physical development of man, according to Dr. Schiller, stopped long ago, for the Cro-Magnon people of 30,000 years ago were bigger both in stature and in brain than the modern European. Modern man, far from being better than his fathers, is perhaps intrinsically inferior, e.g., to the Greeks in their hey-day.

What may be termed an extra-physical development classes man of to-day as a creature distinct even from his grandfather. For the man of to-day has turned his thinking powers upon nature and forced many hidden secrets from her. The vast influence which applied science has had on our modern mode of life can be regarded as a deliberate type of human evolution. Modern science has given to man the seven-league boots of the fairy tale to carry him over land and sea, or under them. It has given him wings; it has increased his power of vision a thousand-fold and has given him ears to hear to the uttermost ends of the earth. Through the acquirement of such 'supplementary limbs' man has become a more complex animal than his forefathers.

For the propulsion of the 'detachable appendages' man has tapped the reservoirs of nature for the necessary mechanical energy. It will only be a few years before this stored-up energy of ages runs out and man will be compelled to abandon his vandalism of the past few generations and find substitutes for coal and oil. That he will succeed in doing so by the utilization mainly of wind power is the confident prophecy of Mr. Haldane. Further, industrialism will solve its own problems, so that there is little to fear for the future of what we have called man's extra-physical development.

The graver apprehension for the future of mankind arises from moral rather than from physical considerations. This is the underlying problem in all three essays under review, and indeed the author of *Tantalus* confines his attention almost solely to this aspect.

Dr. Schiller conceives the position to be something as follows. He attributes the stop in man's physical evolution—one of the greatest mysteries in his history—to the check put upon natural selection by man's social institutions. Such obvious checks on selective mortality as the advance of modern medicine and hygiene are merely intensified forms of the same kind of influence at work when man became a social animal in mid-palaeolithic times.

But can one depend on man's institutions, is the more urgent question of Dr. Schiller. He has little faith in the future of knowledge, for all modern tendencies in teaching are towards the technical, the more oracular, and hence the unintelligible. This is why the churches have become deadeners of religious zeal, why law is often the negation of justice, and why the school kills any inborn craving for knowledge. Even our culture is superficial. Humanity is still Yahoo-manity, and during the last fifty years the Yahoo has surpassed himself in his record of atrocities. The Great War and the Russian Revolution are cited. Man still is morally as his palaeolithic ancestors, and science has made him even more dangerous.

Science has exposed the palaeolithic savage masquerading in modern garb to a series of physical and mental shocks which have endangered his equilibrium. It has also enormously extended his power and armed him with a variety of delicate and penetrating instruments which have often proved edge tools in his hands, and which the utmost wisdom could hardly be trusted to use aright. Under these conditions the fighting instinct ceases to be an antiquated foible, like the hunting instinct, and becomes a deadly danger. No wonder the more prescient are dismayed at the prospect of the old savage passions running amok in the full panoply of civilization.

And then, on the dysgenic effect of civilization, we must again quote Dr. Schiller:

It is found that though both birth rates and death rates increase as we descend the social scale, so does the net rate of increase. Indeed, the highest or ruling class nowhere appears to keep up its

numbers without considerable recruitment from below. So society, as at present organized, is always dying off at the top, and proliferating at the bottom of the social pyramid.

The rapidity of this process is emphasized; for birth control is checking reproduction not only in the aristocracy but in the professional and middle classes, and there is unrestrained breeding only in the lowest classes and among the feeble-minded.

Dr. Schiller warns us in his preface that 'pessimism is not a logical objection to a contention of which the truth cannot otherwise be questioned', anticipating that his essay will be criticized because it is pessimistic. As this is merely a review and not a criticism of Dr. Schiller's argument, it must suffice to point out that his position is far from unassailable on perfectly logical grounds. His argument rests on the assumption that natural selection is the one and only golden key to the mystery of evolution. Is it? Nor does Dr. Schiller produce any evidence that degeneration is actually taking place. There are probably more factors in the problem than Dr. Schiller takes into account.

What are the remedies for the dire perils to which our prophets see humanity exposed? Mr. Haldane sees few perils, and the arrival of the ectogenetic child will solve most of these. Mr. Bertrand Russell sees only perils, and mistrusts any methods for avoiding them; while Dr. Schiller has little hope from Christian ethics, for they have had 2,000 years of trial, and bases his faith, with perhaps less rationality than the rest of his argument, on the application of our knowledge of eugenics. Dr. Schiller has perhaps best grasped the problem most worth discussing, Mr. Russell's contribution being mainly to neutralize the exuberance of Mr. Haldane. For Mr. Haldane covers the largest field with the biggest stride. He is feeling fit and lets himself go—a little further, perhaps, than the artist and poet may follow when he says their education is defective in that they have not sufficient scientific knowledge to qualify them for their professions! These little books, however, provide much to think about, and can be heartily recommended, at least for recreational purposes.

PESTLE.

THE GROUP OF SEVEN

BY BARKER FAIRLEY

Every time the Group of Seven exhibit they demonstrate the fact that the movement in Canadian painting associated chiefly with their names is spiritually the most robust thing the country has produced. This robustness, this vitality in them, is the surest sign of their intrinsic worth, and the accompanying phenomena of change, experiment, surprise, failure, adventure, which are always present in their work, must be welcomed as a necessary part of the process. The present article is an examination of their show in the light of the high standard which their previous work has set.

THE Group of Seven opened its third Canadian exhibition the other evening with an enthusiastic 'private view'. By this time there must be fully two hundred people in Toronto who are genuinely interested in them. As art goes, this verges on a

popular success, and the air hummed with approval. The general opinion was that this show eclipsed its predecessors and the Group had come into its own.

For my own part, much as I enjoyed myself, I couldn't quite go so far. Perhaps there was less care-



THE HAPPY ISLES

(AFTER THE PAINTING)

BY ARTHUR LISMER

less painting this time, but was there the same degree of inner adventure? How many of these fifty pictures had that extra kick in them that makes a work vital and surprising and new every time we look at it?

At first sight, Harris's hard, clear canvases dominated the long room. The success of the evening was really a personal success for himself. Yet he has never painted so rigidly as now. From an aesthetic standpoint, one canvas of his at this stage says almost as much as ten. There is the same mood and the same handling in every one of them. It is a spacious mood somewhere between the sumptuous and the austere; the handling is thorough in its kind, and sometimes it is masterly. Yet I fear, without being sure of it, that Harris had taken a wrong turn. Have these violently stereoscopic effects which he is getting any real place in the painter's art? Do they not belong to the art of the theatre? These two arts are related, but they are not reconcilable. There is a difference of vision. Harris might achieve fame in either, but not by confusing the two, which is what I fear he is doing. So I am not comfortable about Harris.

Nor am I comfortable about MacDonald either. I found here the same reliance on a formula, the old, flat, thin formula that he knows so well. When MacDonald stays with a canvas he can produce a *Solemn Land*, and if we judge him by this standard, we cannot be satisfied with his hasty decorations. The better they are as 'lay-outs', the less we like them when we are asked to accept the lay-out for the finished canvas. *Rain in the Mountains* is a fine idea, but it is not a canvas.

Varley is virtually an absentee in oils this year, Robinson, the new seventh member, is not well represented. Carmichael is working in quieter tones and more happily, but without any conspicuous successes. That leaves us only Jackson and Lismer.

Jackson is something to be grateful for. Whether he succeeds or fails, he is always an artist. He is forever quietly learning and exploring his medium, and he never forces his inspiration. His present canvases, while not among his most notable, add considerable variety to the whole. Compare *Baie St. Paul—April*, *The Winter Road*, and *On Lake Superior*, all extremely good and all different. Examine the two last named, and see how the very texture changes. But Jackson has touched higher levels before.

With Lismer it is different. To my mind Lismer has made a great leap forward and painted his best pictures, and the best pictures of the exhibition. If it had not been for *The Happy Isles* and *MacGregor Bay*, I should have found the show rather flat. It was here, and here only, that I found the vital adventure in paint that I was looking for.

The Happy Isles is an outstanding canvas of unforeseen character. We have had nothing like it before in Canada. We have had nothing so advanced. It is a sort of idealized Georgian Bay. No other part of the world could have helped an artist to such a result. There are the rocks, the lone pines, the channels, and all the other familiar marks of the Bay. But it is clearly not the Bay. The landscape has surrendered its epic and its objective quality altogether to the intense mood of its beholder, the artist. The picture must speak for itself. It is strange and new, as we can tell from its colour, which is the most powerful we have seen since Thomson sketched. There is, of course, no such colour in the Bay. But it is living colour throughout, from the milky green of its foreground pool, up through its red rocks and blue hills, to a blue and yellow blaze of sky capped with earthen clouds.

The figures, also, are strange and new. They have no narrative value; the picture is pure landscape. The composition could be held together in the corner with rocks just as well as with two people and a canoe. There are no external grounds for their presence. Yet they seem to me absolutely right and necessary. I take them as pure evocations of a highly subjective landscape mood. The companion picture, *MacGregor Bay*, is easier; it provides a stepping-stone from the normal type of landscape to *The Happy Isles*.

This is Lismer's year. He is perhaps the most ignored person in the Group, and now that he has succeeded so well he has done so in a surprising way, and not in the 'group' way. Indeed the Group was never less of a group than it is now. In conclusion, there are two external surprises. One is the appearance of Rocky Mountain subjects; the other is a roomful of black-and-white.

It is easy to get exhilarated over the mountain pictures. There is no need to dilate on this aspect of them. But there are also grounds for apprehension. The defects of this landscape school have frequently been defects of outer knowledge; the artists were not sufficiently familiar with the country they were painting. For, whether an artist is going to paint nature literally or not, he must know her before he can use her. Liberties with nature must be based on knowledge of nature; failing this it is healthier to paint pure cubism. That is why the Rockies are not an unmixed blessing at this juncture. Just when the Group is beginning to know the North better, and to gain mastery of it, off they go West to a country which none of them have in their bones. Art is one thing, and travel and scenery are another. Lismer, who stuck to the old subjects, travelled further than the C.P.R. could have carried him.

The black-and-whites are very satisfactory, a sort of examination test in drawing which they all manage to pass with credit. Of course, when it comes to resourceful drawing in the full sense, Varley stands

alone in Canada. His study of Mrs. McPhedran is faultless. Why his drawings are not snapped up like hot cakes as fast as they are made is a mystery to me. But that is an old story.

A CAMBRIDGE MEMORY

BY C. R. FAY

ON the day of the Freshmen's Sports (1902), I was asked to lunch with Professor Marshall. We had chicken and bacon, fancy pudding and ginger. There were present two Indians, one large-boned lady, one ferrety-eyed undergraduate, and myself. I only remember that everything I said (which was little) meant several other things, and that Marshall sat on a little stool by the fire-side. I was too late for the 100 yards, the only race for which I had any chance.

I went to one or two of his lectures in my second year—as a result of the first I bought a large fiscal blue book. At the second Marshall arrived with his umbrella, the fiscal blue book, and a copy of the *Times*, the two last in a bag which he kept by the side of the desk. 'I make it a rule never to talk politics', he began, 'but this last speech of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is . . . really . . .', and for the rest of the hour we listened to an apology for Free Trade.

It was only after I took my degree that I got to know him. Pigou told me I ought to go and see him about a subject for a Fellowship Dissertation. So one October afternoon towards twilight I went to Balliol Croft. 'Come in—come in', he said running in from a little passage; and I went with him upstairs. 'Have you any idea what to do?' he asked me. I said, 'No'. 'Well then, listen', he said, producing a small black book. He proceeded to read out a list of subjects having previously ordered me to hold up my hand when he came to one that I liked. In my nervousness I tried to close with the first subject, but Marshall took no notice and read on. About half way through the second page he arrived at 'The Recent German Financial Crisis'. Having been to Greifswald for a summer I signalled acquiescence. 'It wouldn't suit you at all', he said. I kept quiet for another five minutes, and catching the word 'Argentine' made another noise, which stopped him. My only reason was that two of my uncles had been in business there. 'Have you ever been there yourself?' he asked. 'No', I replied, and he went on. A few moments later he stopped and said, 'Have you found a subject you like?' 'I don't know', I began. 'No one ever does', he said, 'but that's my method. Now what would you like to do?' I gasped out, 'A comparison of German and English

labour.' Upon which (for it was now quite dusk) he produced a little lantern with an electric button and began prowling around the shelves, handing out books, English and German—Van Nostitz Kulemann, about thirty in all. 'Now', he said, 'I'll leave you to smell; when you've finished blow down the tube and Mary will bring you some tea'. It was only later that I found his housekeeper's name was Sarah. In response to a blow, the tea came in on a low trolley and I ate and drank alone. I went away too late for Hall, staggering under an armload of books, and next day came back with a bag for the balance. I had them nearly three years.

Gradually I arrived at my subject—Co-operation. I was under a bond with him to write down on a separate page in my note book the proposed title, altering it each week till it fitted my ambition. At last it became 'Co-operation at Home and Abroad, an analysis and description'. His only fear was that I should be over-influenced by a pernicious book written by Miss Beatrice Potter on this subject. Whenever he mentioned the name of Webb his eyes gleamed (and I have never known a man with such piercing eyes), and I heard the story of the Labour Commission and of the constraint he felt compelled to exercise when cross-examining Mr. Sidney Webb.

I was still working at my thesis when I got from him an invitation to dine and meet Mr. D. F. Schloss who had written several books on Profit-Sharing. I accepted, and received the day before a P.C. saying, 'Beware of S. he is a dangerous man'. During dinner Mr. Schloss began to pull Marshall's leg by introducing the subject of women's degrees (to which he was violently opposed—'Don't give them degrees—teach them to be mothers', was the argument with which he brought down the Senate House). Mrs. Marshall at the other end of the table explained to me, 'You know Alfred doesn't believe in it'. His main argument, if I remember right, was that a certain Miss Faithful had embarked on a printing enterprise and failed in it. Led on by Mr. Schloss he grew more and more excited, until the ladies retired. He then came to the two of us and said, 'Now we can talk; I didn't like to say much when ladies were present.'

In 1908 he helped me to get a grant from the Worts Fund for Travelling Bachelors and sent me

abroad with letters of introduction, but before leaving England, I sat, at the advice of my Tutor, Lowes Dickinson, for a Studentship at the London School of Economics, to which I was elected. On my way abroad I wrote telling him. A month later I rejoined my mail at Cologne and received a twelve-pager, which told me that I had taken a very grave step which might alter the whole course of my life and cause me to be regarded by the Vice-Chancellor as disloyal to Cambridge. I wrote back at once saying that I had entered with the V.C.'s approval; and received in answer a P.C., 'Consider my letter unwritten—Yrs. A. M.'

It was while doing my thesis that he asked me to lecture on Economic History for the new Economic Tripos. At a time when there were no College or University posts in Economics, he paid three of us £100 a year out of his own pocket. It was the first money I ever earned. He prepaid me with a note saying, 'Please do not acknowledge receipt'. He supplied all the books, which I was to take away in a cab. He telephoned for a four-wheeler; and running out down his avenue when it appeared, he escorted me on my several journeys from the door step to the road dancing his little lamp into the shadows. As I left, Mrs. Marshall returned on her bicycle, and he cried, 'Mr. Fay is going away in a cab'. The Jehu started up and I saw out of the window the little lantern shining perilously near the back wheel. 'Good-bye—good-bye'.

I was a B.A. when I attended his last course of lectures. He pretended that he was nervous of so learned a man as myself!! The lectures were on 'Trade and Industry'. I remember most distinctly one on Venetian glass after which we had a correspondence on the demerits of modern glass by comparison with the exhibits of old work at Murano. After one of these lectures I put my foot in it. He had been explaining the constructive services rendered to the Cartels by Austrian Jews. Filing past his desk at 1.10 p.m., I said, 'I think you were very lenient to the Jews'. For I was just returned from Neuwied on the Rhine, the headquarters of the Raiffeisen village banks, which had rescued the peasants from usury, and I began to talk about the Jewish cattle traders. 'Hush', he said, and walked out of the Literary Lecture Rooms with me. I reached for my bicycle inside the chains and began again. 'Not a word,' said he, 'come with me.' So leaving my bicycle against the Porter's Lodge I walked through Johns over the Bridge of Sighs and into the Wilderness. 'Now we can talk', he said. 'There was a Jewess in the front row, you might have ruined the Tripos!'

In the May term of that year I went to tea several times. Once I arrived when he and Mrs.

Marshall were playing Italian bowls, which consisted in striking a croquet ball across the uneven lawn at a white jack. He attacked his task on the principle of a curve, steering his ball gently up the hill, so that it should trickle down again into position. I aimed straight and forcefully across the lawn, with the result that I hit the jack and drove it into the bank! This impressed him very much, for as we adjourned to the summer house he said, 'Do you know, my Tutor one term thought I would not get my first'. 'Were you ill?' I asked. 'No', he said. 'But why did he think you wouldn't?', I asked in surprise. 'Sport', he replied. 'But I did not know you were an athlete like Maitland', I said. 'What sport was it?' and in reply, in a thin delighted voice, came the single word 'Bowls'.

I used to have tea with him once or twice every year, until the War. It was to me a holy pilgrimage. I am not by nature a person with any reverence for my seniors; but in his presence I was just a worshipper, and I invariably came away with that strange internal commotion which in a boy accompanies exceptional athletic success.

In 1918, when the Germans had broken our Fifth Army I was sent home to lecture to the Staff School at Cains. I was then at the G.H.Q. Machine Gun School and we were trying to get more machine guns out of the War Office. At the instigation of my Colonel I drafted an unofficial and unlawful memo to present to General Smuts, an honorary Fellow of my College. I sent a draft of it to Marshall. About ten minutes after I arrived home the telephone rang; and I heard Marshall's voice saying, 'Have you got a pencil? It will probably take about ten minutes'. 'But can't I come round?' I said, 'I can't hear very well.' 'All right—all right, come at 10.30, but you must not stay long.' When I got there, he greeted me with 'I am not prepared to argue, just write', and he dictated a new draft of my memo, which was obviously an immense improvement. 'You might have ruined your whole career by putting it that way', he said, 'what you are really trying to say is in your appendix.' Incidentally he displayed a perfect mechanical knowledge of the differences between a Vickers and a Lewis gun, on which my tactical argument was based. 'Now, go', he said, 'and I will let Blue Bird talk.' Blue Bird was a mechanical piano. So saying he stretched himself on the floor on some velvet cushions, and after pressing the button, folded his arms and rested. I gradually withdrew.

Last year, before I came out again to Canada, my wife and I had tea with him for the last time. He told us of the small legacy which he devoted to his tour of America fifty years ago. I made one short remark about the monotony of modern

industrialism, whereupon he jumped up and began to picture the romance of modern steel. But I had broken my promise to Mrs. Marshall, for I had been with him two minutes over the allotted ten. So I rose to go, but he anticipated us and slipped out into the garden.

I tell these stories because those who know him only by his books will find it hard to understand his intense humanity and the affection he gave and inspired. I am a fool at mathematics, and on the one occasion when we talked about it, he, the great mathematical economist, declared with impatience that this part of economics was now-a-days much overdone. The tonic has lasted me from that day to this.

THE PERVERSION OF HISTORY

BY JACK HORNER

SITTING in my corner the other night, I watched with considerable interest the beginnings of a new society. Its mystic letters are S.P.P.H., which being interpreted is the Society for the Promotion of the Perversion of History. Its object appealed to me from more than one point of view. From an early age I have been impressed by the story of the Athenian mother who sought to dissuade her son from entering the political arena. 'My son', she said, 'if you go into politics, you will either have to tell the truth or lie: if you lie, the gods will hate you; and if you tell the truth, men will hate you.' The young man, who, as all young men should be, was wiser than his ancestors, replied, 'All the more reason for going into politics: for if I tell the truth, the gods will love me; and if I lie, men will love me.'

Now I have always found it easier to obtain the love of the gods than of men, and by that defense mechanism which modern psycho-analysts have revealed to us I am attracted by any proposal which will enable me to compensate for my inherited weakness for the truth. Just as the timid undersized clerk devours with avidity stories of bruisers and gunmen, and in his dreams sees himself battering a ring of burly opponents into sullen submission, so I, who have always been detained on the lower levels of life by my fear of the fate of Ananias, found myself greatly attracted by this new society. An eminent historian who was present warned the innovators that if you start lying you don't know where you will leave off. But my trouble was rather that if you begin telling the truth you don't know where to stop.

Apart, moreover, from my own personal impotence, it seemed to me that society was threatened by a serious

danger which the new organization might do much to avert. A community which can only lie may certainly die of *delirium tremens*, but on the other hand a society which is over-addicted to the truth will probably perish of paralysis. A melancholy example of the danger to which society is exposed by over-addiction to the pursuit of impartiality in the search for truth was recently brought to my notice. A famous professor of history, not appearing at the breakfast table within reasonable limits of lateness, was found by his wife sitting on the edge of his bed in profound meditation, with his lower limbs still unclothed. Two pairs of pants lay before him. In reply to her anxious inquiries as to his health, he said, 'I am quite well, thank you, my dear, but I find myself in a state of such absolute impartiality with regard to these two pairs of trousers that I am unable to choose either.'

It is unnecessary to dilate further on this obvious danger to society. If Mrs. Smith should no longer feel able to instruct her maid that she is not at home when Mrs. Jones calls; if Mr. Brown should no longer be capable of allaying Mrs. Brown's anxiety as to the cause of his late return by explaining that he was detained at the office; if Robinson, whose handicap is eighteen, should no longer be able to assert confidently that his last round was a seventy-six with everything holed out, society would incontinently relapse into chaos.

I will say nothing of the gradual extinction of our pleasures which is overshadowing us. One by one a paternal government is depriving us of them for our good. It is extremely desirable that the pure and simple pleasure of perverting history should be protected by such a society as that of which I am speaking.

THE SMILE

BY A. J. M. SMITH

I SHALL remember for ever
A lonely swallow swerving
Over a dusky river,
Sweeping and solemnly curving
In long arcs that never
Stirred the still stream;
For so your smile
Curves in quiet dream
For a slow, sleepy while
Over your tranquil mind
That is not stirred
Even by thought's faintest wind,
Or fancy's loneliest bird.



CANADIAN LEADERS AND A HISTORY

Sir Isaac Brock, by Hugh S. Eayrs ('*Canadian Men of Action*', No. 1; pp. x, 108);

David Thompson, by Charles Norris Cochrane ('*Canadian Men of Action*', No. 2; pp. 173);

Sir John Macdonald, by W. Stewart Wallace ('*Canadian Statesmen*', No. 1; pp. 132) (Macmillans in Canada; \$1.00 the volume).

THE historical biographer follows the master of narrative and the surgeon of constitutional organisms in the procession of Canadian historians. The biographer is the natural product of a democratic age, Carlyle to the contrary, for anyone can admire a great man. The object of the two related series, *Canadian Men of Action and Canadian Statesmen*, edited by Mr. W. S. Wallace, the librarian of the University of Toronto, is to enlarge, through biography, the popular knowledge of national history.

Three volumes have recently appeared. Mr. H. S. Eayrs reprints his life of Sir Isaac Brock, first published in 1918. The British period contains, fortunately, few military heroes, and little is generally known about them except their share in the campaigns. The Brock who is here portrayed has a character marked by strong and interesting contrasts: the brilliant daring of the soldier becomes more admirable in combination with patient administrative skill.

In *David Thompson*, by Mr. C. N. Cochrane, we have at last a biography of the greatest of the later explorers. The book owes its undoubted success to a skilful use of the *Thompson Narrative* and of some original note-books in the Crown Lands Department at Toronto. Without using lengthy extracts, the author has communicated the essence of the adventure as it is narrated in the original. The reader lives again in the New West at the turn of the eighteenth century, sees the savage magnificence of the landscape, and admires the daring and fortitude of the pioneers who braved it with their scanty equipment. Thompson's name is particularly associated with the Assiniboine, the Peace, and the Columbia, but he travelled over most of the North-West, making accurate charts which are still, for some localities, the basis of modern maps. Posterity is only beginning to pay the debt which it owes to Thompson, for the man who gave Canadians the West was left to end his days in obscure poverty.

The first of the *Canadian Statesmen*, *Sir John*

Macdonald, by Mr. W. Stewart Wallace, is a fresh biographical study of a well-known subject. The unity of treatment is well maintained through the changing conditions of a crowded half-century. The author, in a spirit of critical admiration, has revealed the thread of consistency which ran through Macdonald's opportunism, and, admitting that he sometimes deserved his reputation for unscrupulousness (as in the gerrymander of the Ontario constituencies in 1882, when a Conservative ministry 'hived the Grits'), has yet shown us a leader who could adhere to an unpopular cause, as in the two critical years before Confederation. It is curious how much of 'John A.' remains to our own time in the anecdote and vocabulary of politics. The book is a good handbook to the Macdonald tradition.

The Evolution of French Canada, by Jean Charlemagne Bracq (Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii, 467; \$3.00).

Recently there has been a marked tendency among European historians to write about Great Britain and America. M. Bracq's *Evolution of French Canada*, dedicated to Sir Arthur Currie 'by a grateful Cambraisian', is an interesting illustration of this tendency. The author, who is a French Protestant, has written an account of racial differences apart from ecclesiastical issues. Although the Roman Catholic Church has great influence in Quebec, '*la Nation canadienne*' is not essentially a religious idea. The prevalent confusion of religious with political issues is only one of many current misconceptions. Lord Durham's statements about the French of Lower Canada are still in circulation, although some have been out-of-date for decades and some never were true. Their language is not a *patois*: the speech of the French Canadians compares favourably, class for class, with the speech of the French in France. Although at first the 'old subjects' possessing capital and technical skill, were the leaders in trade and agriculture, French companies, financed by the savings of thrifty local farmers, are now engaged in many industries. The social isolation of the two races is rapidly breaking down as business and professional contact increase. The historians now speak of bridging a 'gap', instead of a 'chasm'. These statements are more credible, coming, as they do, from a scholar who realizes that the political associations and aspirations of the province are British, not French. The educational system is severely criticized, in its elementary and advanced stages; and the work of local historians condemned with the statement that none of them, except Garneau, 'has even approached the modern scientific view of history'. Curiously enough, the author makes free and somewhat uncritical use of these writings and is misled by them

into strange errors, as when he states, on the authority of Garneau: 'During the War of American Independence, when the greater part of the Quebec British sided with the Congress in Philadelphia, the majority of the Canadians were actively loyal' (p. 71). There are other errors, almost unavoidable unless the proof of a book written in a foreign language about a subject outside the author's usual field had been revised by a competent Canadian. Most of these are, however, too evident to be misleading. The bibliography is a formidable list of authorities, mostly in French, and the later chapters are the result of many interviews during a recent visit to Canada. The language is often vigorous, as when the leaders of 1837 are described as 'erratic political rhetoricians with no sense of practical ends'. The book should appeal to Canadians of both races—to the French because it is a serious effort by one of their own people to interpret them to the world, and to the British because it does no violence to their political and religious ideas.

FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO

A Far Land, by Martha Ostenso (Thomas Seltzer; pp. 70; \$2.00).

THIS volume of poems by a youthful Canadian, excellent in itself, would probably have received little attention from the public, which rarely recognizes the talent of new singing voices, had it not been for the announcement, almost simultaneous with the publication of this book, that its author had been awarded a prize of \$13,500 offered by a New York literary agency for the finest novel submitted to them.

Martha Ostenso, former Manitoba school-teacher, and one-time reporter on the staff of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, became famous overnight, and her manuscript, originally called *Wild Geese*, is to be published as a serial by the *Pictorial Review*, as a book by the Dodd, Mead Company, and produced as a film by the Famous Players' Corporation.

Morris Colman, an intimate friend of this new poet and novelist, tells us in an article in *MacLean's Magazine*, that most of the poems in the volume under review were written in the intervals of her work as a reporter in Winnipeg and as a settlement worker in New York. They reveal a whimsical personality, tinged with a note that is native to Norway, the land of her parents. It is not the pessimistic note so common in much modern poetry, but rather hints at a real sense of the tragic; a very different thing.

It is when she sings of the prairies where her childhood was spent that the authentic ring of her real gift is heard; and it is here, too, that the solemnity of view—conspicuously lacking in the poets of this continent—which marks her north-European origin, finds its deepest expression.

In 'The Return', perhaps the best of the poems in this class, she apostrophizes the flat, barren prairie:

Oh, strong and faithful and enduring
As my mother's face,
The sowing of the years has wrought
No change in you, no ill,
Wild field that I loved!

She flings herself on its bosom and mingles with her memories the fresh apprehensions of its 'small, slow, stirring life' and the 'stiff, pale grass and weedy flowers . . . innocent of being beautiful'. She does not sentimentalize the scene, but somehow finds a 'generous grace' in the ragweed and nettle 'caught in the ruddy fall of sun'.

More magical, because more inward, more truly felt, is the final poem of the book, which begins:

Down into the unrevealed land
Of my long cherished sorrow
Shall I unfaltering go.
Well I know the way: On either hand
Unvoiced and still of wing,
Snared in nets of shade,
The wild and glistening
Birds of ecstasy complain and fade.

Christchurch, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Thomas Seltzer; pp. 54; \$1.25).

Remarkable, indeed, that a Rhodes scholar from Maine, writing in the trenches, with the atmosphere of Trinity College, Oxford, still clinging about him, should have produced a slender volume of poems that miraculously recaptures the vitality and simplicity of the early Saxon singers.

His themes are largely Biblical or else concern themselves with the monasteries of medieval times, and to this atmosphere his gift of colourful imagery is admirably suited, as for instance when he sings:

The monks of Ely sang so sweet
The angels came to hear;
Above the reedy waterways
They whitened tier on tier.

Throughout his verses there is this effect of huge tapestries crowded with a multitude of figures, as when in 'Hiram of Tyre' he says, 'The forests of his masts eclipsed the forests of his land', or in 'King David's Harp', when relating the genesis of some of the shepherd-boy's songs, he says,



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One song his god-heart made of spears
That walled in half the sky.

The religious feeling throughout the book is of the old, simple, spectacular, ritualistic sort, undisturbed by metaphysics. Only once is there a note of philosophy struck in these verses, and that is in 'The Valley of Dry Bones', when Ezekiel, replying to God, cries,

Both good and bad will rise,
Since evil changes colour with the skies. . . .
Both happy men and sad men, since the world
Needs two wings to the winds of change unfurled.
Both those who loved and those who hated Thee,
For light and dark bear fruitage endlessly.

MOON FIRE

Essays, by W. B. Yeats (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 538; \$3.15).

The familiar cadence of Mr. Yeats' prose in these essays which he has now collected into one volume awakens in the mind a mood that belongs to the very ancient things. The days of our civilized state are few (and vile, Blake would add) compared with the long ages when we were children of the Green Tree and the Well. More than any of that group of Irish writers does Mr. Yeats persistently recall us to the lost world of faëry. He lives there himself. But one has a sense that he lives there by an effort of will, like Henry James in London. And this gives a kind of thin and ghostly sound to his utterance. His words are so often like the charm of woven paces and of waving hands, they beat slumberously on the brain. In *Discoveries* Mr. Yeats has said, 'A studious man will commonly forget after some forty minutes that of a certainty Promethean fire will burn somebody's fingers'. Mr. Yeats does not burn any fingers, his fire is the cold pale fire of the moon. But the moon will never lack lovers, and the charm of Mr. Yeats' style is undeniable. When he writes of Blake and Shelley and William Morris, and that world which he knows and loves, it is always pure joy to listen. Here is a chance phrase from his essay on Blake: 'When one reads Blake it is as though the spray of an inexhaustible fountain of beauty was blown into our faces.'

In the Land of Youth, by James Stephens (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 304; \$2.00).

Mr. Stephens furnishes the text to Mr. Yeats' commentary. Many have taken in hand to retell the stories of the Shee and the children of Dana and all the wonderful wealth of Irish folk-lore, but no one has told them with such effortless artistry as Mr. Stephens. In this volume Mr. Stephens tells the stories of the Feast of Samhain and the Feast of Lugnasa. The mere telling is a delight, although one cannot expect a repetition of the *Crock of Gold*. In

the *Golden Bough* one finds a man who has lived a life-time in the world of folk-lore and has stored up knowledge like the Leprechaun's story of gold. In the *Crock of Gold* one meets a man who has lived in that same world and has become wise. Both James Stephens and Sir James Frazer have served their generation, each in his own way.

TRAILING THE DARK GODS

The Boy in the Bush, by D. H. Lawrence (Thomas Seltzer; pp. 388; \$2.50).

Mr. Lawrence has returned to the setting of *Kangaroo*. He has, in collaboration with an Australian novelist, Miss M. L. Skinner, wrought out a story of a wild and rebellious son set against the background of the wildest and most untamed country of the world, the Australian bush. It is not easy to discern the marks of dual authorship. It would take a very fine critical flair to separate Lawrence from Skinner. Even the descriptive passages savour so strongly of Lawrence. Jack Grant is the son of a perfectly tame general—Eton and Sandhurst, don't you know—and an Australian mother who remains wild underneath. Jack inherits his mother's wildness and reacts strongly against his father's tameness—a nice little story for the psycho-analysts. He develops a vulgar preference for the society of grooms and pugilists, is expelled from school, and is sent off to Western Australia to his mother's family. Then we have his Odyssey, like the spiritual journey of the Lost Girl, becoming wilder and wilder, until in the end, taking Abraham and David as his models, he proposes to settle down with two or three wives to replenish the earth. Mr. Lawrence is still following the trail of his 'dark gods', his 'lords of Death'. His contempt of the 'white gods' seems a throw-back to the old Norse hatred of the 'white Christ', but whether his dark gods offer anything more ultimate than the white gods whom he rejects is open to question.

He is also pursuing the Holy Ghost. He makes fierce old Gran say to Jack,

Trust yourself, Jack Grant. Earn a good opinion of yourself, and never mind other folks. You have only got to live once. You know when your spirit glows—trust that. That's you! That's the spirit of God in you. Trust in that, and you will never grow old. If you knuckle under, you will grow old.

The book is full of beauty, too:

Perhaps death, after a life of real courage, is like a happy camping expedition in the unknown, before a new start. It was spring in Western Australia and a wonder of delicate blueness, of frail, unearthly beauty. The earth was full of weird flowers, star-shaped, needle-pointed, fringed scarlet, white, blue, a whole world of strange flowers, like being in a new Paradise from which man had not been cast out. The trees in the dawn, so ghostly still. The scent of blossoming eucalyptus trees:

the scent of burning eucalyptus leaves and sticks in the camp fire. Trailing blossoms wet with dew; the scrub after the rain; the bitter-sweet fragrance of freshcut timber.

There is plenty more to come from Mr. Lawrence, plenty of good stuff, and God only knows where his adventure will end, but that's the fun of it.

A STORY OF CANADIANIZATION

Hansen, by Augustus Bridle (Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii, 368; \$2.00).

IN the author's preface to this story of 'Canadianization', he informs us that 'it has the form and method of a novel, and the character of a large sketch'. As a novel it is not a success; but there is nothing ignoble in its failure, for Mr. Bridle has not only some sense of the beauty in life, but also that intense interest in humanity that is the first requisite of his craft. It is his lack of perception that prevents *Hansen* from being an interesting book, rather than the more obvious lack of technique that is responsible for its negligible interest as a story. Big Hansen lumbers genially up and down and across the country of his adoption; enormously interested in the varied aspects of its life, from the pioneer settlements of Ontario, redolent of sweat, shotes, homespun, and doughnuts, to the more polite communities of the East; northwards to the Yukon; and eventually to the prairies, where his destiny claims him in the raw young town of Edmonton. But whenever he is confronted in this Odyssey by anything as complex as a city or a woman, his understanding is baffled and he falls back in a confusion that seems to be shared by his author. The story is less a 'large sketch' than a series of small ones presenting Ontario puritans, Quebec lawyers, blatant politicians, flashy promoters, Scotch fur traders, gambling gold-hunters, swindled immigrants, land sharks, missionaries, Crees, and honest settlers. In paint it would make an excellent series of decorative panels for the provincial legislature which Hansen eventually adorns. The sincerity of the author's love of his strange country is as engaging as it is patent, and does something to rescue the book from the merely commonplace.

CANADIAN VERSE

A Book of Verses, by Gertrude MacGregor Moffat (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 139; \$1.50);

Dream Tapestries, by Louise Bowman (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 91; \$1.75);

Eager Footsteps, by Anne Elizabeth Wilson (Mussell; pp. 47; \$1.50).

HOW much can be judged from a title? Sometimes very little, yet the three titles above are distinctly appropriate. *A Book of Verses* seems to promise sincere and modest work, and so indeed it is; a small talent, but genuine and pleasing (at least when it can keep clear of such phrases as 'The woman heart of me', 'The very soul of me'). 'Lyric' and 'A Misty Morning' are worthy to be carefully preserved.

Dream Tapestries, rather a luscious title, introduces a collection of poems somewhat lacking in vigour and restraint. They sprawl relaxed upon the surface of the picturesque, and the latent power of beauty that is in them is dim and bleared for lack of some tonic discipline. They are all adjectives and dotted lines. The group called 'Songs of Women' offend particularly. All these three poets are rather conscious of their sex, but the different quality of the sensibility involved in this consciousness makes a profound difference in the result. Miss Wilson's tenderness is fine and firm, touched with intellect and humour. *Eager Footsteps* is a clever title, and hers is a clever book, in the happiest sense of the word.

FRIENDS IN POLAND

The River of a Hundred Ways, by Joice M. Nankivell and Sydney Loch (Allen and Unwin; pp. 256; 7/6).

Many of the unpleasant associations of the word 'pacifist' come from the fact that people think of the 'pacifist' as a very 'umble person, more or less like Uriah Heep, with no positive virtues and only one rather doubtful merit of a negative kind—namely, that he is willing to go to jail or suffer any other degradation rather than fight. The Society of Friends (Quakers) have never seen the work of a peacemaker

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in so ignoble a light. They have regarded their duty as essentially constructive. Even during the war, many of them were caring for the sick, wounded, and prisoners; and since the Armistice, there is scarcely any war-devastated country in Europe which has not known their reconstructive services. This little book describes a part of their work in Poland. The organizing genius with which this Anglo-American mission overcame obstacles and, with small means, re-established agriculture over a large area, rebuilt villages, revived cottage industries, and successfully fought the typhus plague, without pauperizing the inhabitants, is lightly touched upon. This book is neither a history nor a 'sob story'; it tells of journeys in freight cars and *furmankas*, visits to typhus-infested villages, dealings with pathetic old frauds, and old men who, condemned to almost certain death by starvation, made their fate absolutely certain by using the last of their grain and potatoes for seed. Most of us children of civilization do not have such occasion to observe the baseness and magnificence of human nature; professional relief workers usually become hardened; but this adventurous couple have kept both feeling and humour and written a book worth reading.



Pipers and a Dancer, by Stella Benson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 178).

Miss Benson, in successive moods, repeats herself shamelessly; she has only one character and one situation, neither of great intrinsic interest. The situation is the superficial one of travelling and meeting with unexpected adventures; the character is the morbidly self-conscious person—a creation neither novel nor universal, only contemptibly familiar. The morbid and perverse has its place in literature, but to be significant it must possess some quality of greatness which this dabbling in the shallows of mental pathology fails to supply. It is exasperating that the master of so excellent a style and so keen an eye should content herself with these futilities.

La Roux, by Johnston Abbott (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 348; \$2.00).

The author of this crime, who works under the alias of Johnston Abbott, is still at large. It is alleged that his real identity is that of a well-known business man in the city of Toronto. One who has the force of character to 'sell' such a product, and the shrewdness to maintain his anonymity, is predestined to success, and we predict that he will eventually be found among the six best sellers of insurance or real estate.

The Slave Ship, by Mary Johnston (Longmans; pp. 330; \$2.00).

Being the slow progress of David Scott, slave-trader, towards the light; told by 'America's leading historical novelist'. A book that may safely be put in the hands of a child: in fact that is about the best thing one can do with it.

Poems of Yesterday, by Alexander W. Crawford (Ryerson; pp. 54; \$1.00).

We hope this title is significant, implying a promise that the author will never do it again.

BOOKS RECEIVED

'Adventure in the Night', by Warrington Dawson (Gundy; pp. 253; \$2.00).

'Something Childish and Other Stories', by Katherine Mansfield (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 258; \$1.50).

'Saint Helena', by M. A. Aldanov (Knopf; pp. 193; \$2.00).

'A Simple Story', by Charles Louis Philippe (Knopf; pp. 196; \$2.50).

'Croatan', by Mary Johnston (Longmans; pp. vi., 298; \$2.00).

'Conjunctions, Their Use and Abuse', by Frank H. Vizetelly (Funk & Wagnall; pp. 33; 35c).

'Prepositions, Their Use and Abuse', by Frank Vizetelly (Funk & Wagnall; pp. 44; 35c).

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THE STAGE

BY FRED JACOB

IN one of the oldest and most poetic dramas in existence, the hero, Job, is advised by his practical wife to 'Curse God and die'. The equally practical playwrights of this continent have adapted that suggestion to their own uses. They are finding that they can 'Curse God and score a Broadway success'. More and more in recent years the American drama has been running to violence in both speech and action. They smash and blaspheme and throttle and curse and roar and murder; and word goes back stage from the box office, 'Keep up the good work'—following which new profanities go screaming out over the footlights.

The demand for something crude and violent has always distinguished the American drama from that of Europe and the British Isles. In the beginning it was called 'punch'. The nervous system was supposed to be as important a part of a playgoer as his mind and emotions. One might trace the gradual development of the theory, but that is not important. The fact remains that the outstanding feature of current American drama is violence, and that the leading critics of the United States, being duly excited, regard it as a virtue.

All the plays hailed in recent years as notable American dramas have had their moments of violence, and this season has come the culminating show of super-violence, *What Price Glory*, hailed as a realistic presentation of soldiers in wartime. It is not sentimental, nor does it flatter the heroes in khaki. The curses and blasphemies delighted the audiences, but brought blushes to the cheek of the American Government. To protect the good name of the army, or to stop the rush of recruits, or to keep play-going marines from learning new naughty words—the reason has never been made precisely clear—dimmers were placed on the vivid language. But it remains intense enough to have created the now classic story of the dear old lady who had never said anything worse than 'Oh dear' all her life until, after sitting through *What Price Glory*, she asked her grandson to pick up her 'God damn handkerchief'.

All the other notable American plays of the year are violent in either word or deed. *They Knew What They Wanted*, a really original and brilliant comedy, draws some people who are interested in dramatic art, but many more go to it to hear unprintable words that are bandied about in the high-keyed dialogue. The falling from chastity of an evangelical missionary is attended by enough violence to carry along the highly popular *Rain*. David Belasco has been particularly interested this season in women to whom virtue is a forgotten restriction, and his greatest success bears the frank title *Ladies of the Evening*. You can go

through the entire list, and you will find the same characteristic in all of them.

The violence creeps into the comedies and so-called realistic plays. Last season, a play entitled *Tarnish*, by Gilbert Emery, was praised by the American critics as a piece of photographic realism, a slice of life. Up to a certain point it resembled reality, but even that drama had its hectic episode, at the end of the second act, when the hero choked almost to death a young woman who had annoyed him. The whole scene could have been dismissed with the comment, 'Decent young men do not do such things'. It gave the piece the desired punch, but at the same time lifted it from the field of realism into that of Broadway melodrama.

The comedies are no longer keyed entirely to mild and mellow laughter. *The Show Off* has been called the best American comedy of recent years. It came within an ace of winning the Pulitzer Prize for the best native play staged in the United States in 1924. Into that whirl of merriment, a glorification of a four-flusher, the author has introduced an automobile accident, which, of course, may be humorous, and a sudden death, following a stroke, which hardly seems to belong to the realm of comedy. Anyway, the play has been saved from tameness.

The Show Off was recently tried in London. It failed completely, largely because the English could not understand the picture of the American lower middle classes, and probably regarded them as vulgar without being funny. Miss Rosalie Stewart, one of the producers, returned to New York after the collapse and expressed the opinion that the American drama is so far ahead of that of London and Paris that it is futile to attempt to compare them. She summed up her view of the difference by saying, 'They haven't our tempo; their detail is not half vivid enough.'

Those words are only worth quoting because they suggest why the American drama contains so much violence and so little subtlety these days. They want what they call tempo and vivid detail, and an explosion is their idea of both. Having come to the conclusion that the average playgoer is entertained by having his system jolted, either by shocks or frights, the American dramatist is logical when he waxes violent, and it pays better to be logical in the show business than to have an artistic conscience. But if an assault on the nerves is the end desired in dramatic art, then Harold Lloyd may claim that his picture *Safety Last* is the greatest American drama.

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TRADE AND INDUSTRY

BY G. E. JACKSON

NEXT in importance to the correct appreciation of domestic business conditions is (for most Canadians) the correct appreciation of business conditions in the United States.

The New Year reviews of American business conditions reveal a prospect, not of great present prosperity, but of amazing prosperity to come; and so convincing are the signs and portents that even the cautious *Annalist*, whose New Year review cannot be praised too highly, for once becomes almost lyrical in contemplation.

What are the most outstanding features in its evidence? They may be considered under three broad headings: Speculation, Manufacturing Activities, and Finance.

SPECULATION

The curve based on an average of the prices of fifty common stocks, brought up to date by *The Annalist*, shows the following peaks and depressions:

PEAKS			DEPRESSIONS		
Nov. 1916	Av. quota'n	c.100	Feb. 1915	Av. quotation	c.60
Oct. 1919	"	c. 92	Dec. 1917	"	c.65
Feb. 1923	"	c. 90	Aug. 1921	"	c.61
Dec. 1924	"	c.107*	July 1923	"	c.77

*This is, of course, not necessarily the peak of the present bull movement.

It is to be noted that both the last peak and the last depression register levels considerably higher than those of their predecessors. Intervening periods range from a minimum of 23 months to a maximum of 43 months: the average of them all (neglecting the present unfinished upswing) is about 35 months. Thus, if we stand on that most dangerous of planks, the law of averages, we may conclude that the natural turn of the present movement, allowing for temporary setbacks, may be somewhere in the neighbourhood of January, 1926, and at a very high average culminating price. But, in the face of these facts alone, a sudden termination would be no less natural. We must look farther afield.

MANUFACTURING ACTIVITIES

Dr. Berridge's index of fluctuations in employment in factories (from which seasonal movements have been excluded, so as to make manifest the trend) yields the following:

PEAKS			DEPRESSIONS		
April, 1920	Index	c. 118	July, 1921	Index	c. 86
May, 1923	"	c. 110	July, 1924	"	c. 93

It will be seen that the range of fluctuation in the most recent cycle (110-93=17 points) is approximately half that of the former cycle (118-86=32 points). The recovery since last July carries the November figure, which is the latest available, to 98.

The two periods here instanced (between the peaks about 37 months, and between the depressions about 36 months) are of almost identical length. A repetition of this period in the present instance would bring us to the new peak of manufacturing activities about May or June, 1926—some four or five months later than the peak indicated for securities. This time interval between the peaks indicated in speculation and in manufacture is consistent enough with past experience: but we must not build upon it.

FINANCE

One of the most crucial questions, if not the most important of all, is, of course, Can the banking system continue freely to provide funds throughout 1925 to sustain this increasing activity?

It should be noticed in this connection that we are not faced with that most dangerous of problems, a 'runaway market'. There is no great reserve of lending power in the banks generally: the Federal Reserve authorities are, so far as can be seen from outside, in a position to take control of the movement at any time they please. Thus, no less than 16 weeks ago (Oct. 10th, 1924) the position of the National Banks was as follows:

Actual Reserves (aggregate)	\$1,304,000,000
Required Reserves	\$1,265,000,000
Surplus Reserves	\$ 39,000,000

Further expansion of business almost inevitably means resort on a larger scale to the rediscounting facilities of the Federal Reserve Banks; and no sensible person would wish it otherwise.

What of the twelve banks upon which, then, the burden of expansion must fall? Some outstanding changes of the past year may be summarized shortly:

INVESTMENTS IN U.S. SECURITIES*

Jan. 2nd, 1924	\$127,000,000
Dec. 31st, 1924	\$540,000,000
Increase	\$413,000,000

BILL HOLDINGS (DISCOUNTS AND PURCHASES)*

Jan. 2nd, 1924	\$1,145,000,000
Dec. 31st, 1924	\$ 701,000,000
Decrease	\$ 444,000,000

*Source: Combined Statements of the Federal Reserve Banks.

The process of exchanging government securities for rediscounts, should this be deemed advisable, will be facilitated by the fairly rapid maturities of most of the \$540,000,000 which is obvious even in the summary Combined Statement.

At the close of the year, the ratio of gold holdings to combined Federal Reserve Note and Deposit liabilities was approximately 73 per cent. As all the world knows, the minimum authorized by law lies somewhere

between 35 and 40 per cent. (the exact figure is determined by the ratio between note issues and deposits at the moment). The reserve then stood in much the same position as in October, 1917—more than twelve months before the storm signals were hoisted.

There is ground here, surely, for solid satisfaction.

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	Index of Wholesale Prices in Canada (1)	Volume of Employ- ment in Canada (2)	Price of 20 Canadian Securi- ties (3)	Cost of Selected Family Budget (4)
Jan., 1925	-----	-----	105.6	-----
Dec., 1924	177.2	90.8	102.0	-----
Nov., "	175.1	93.0	99.9	\$20.81
Oct., "	174.0	93.9	94.9	\$20.67
Jan., 1924	175.3	88.7	92.3	\$21.23
Dec., 1923	177.3	95.7	96.5	\$21.21
Nov., "	176.9	98.8	92.6	\$21.19

¹ Michell. Base (=100) refers to the period 1900-09.

² Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Records obtained from Employers. Base (=100) refers to Jan. 17, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

³ Michell. The following common stock quotations are included among others:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light & Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, Canada Steamships.

⁴ Labour Gazette (Ottawa).

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